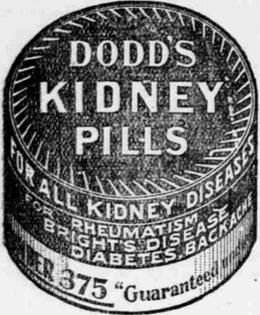


Professional Pride.
In a Christmas fairy play in Paris a set of dominoes was represented by men wearing on their backs boards marked with the different numbers. One day, a writer in Le Figaro states, a "super" gave in his resignation, and told the manager he must find a substitute.
"Why, what's the trouble?" asked the manager. "Don't you get fifteen sous a night, like the others?"
"It isn't the sous at all," said the "super," haughtily. "I am one of the oldest artists belonging to the theater, and I think you ought to have made me double six; instead I am the lowest number—double eight."



Probably Safe from Them.
Bjornstjerne Bjornson had just been christened.
"We're a little curious to know," said his parents, "what the spelling reformers will do when they tackle that name."
"Thus far, however, his distinguished name has escaped mutilation."

DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.
Seventeen Years the Standard.
Prescribed and recommended for Women's Ailments. A scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores.

FASHION HINTS



There's lots of character to this suit of plain and striped pongee.
The stripe is sort of an old blue, the same as the deep cuffs, and it tones so well with the natural color pongee.
The knife pleated collar of net is a new feature.

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE.
Medicine Not Needed in This Case.

It is hard to convince some people that coffee does them an injury! They say their bad feelings to almost every cause but the true and unsuspected one.

But the doctor knows. His wide experience has proven to him that, to some systems, coffee is an insidious poison that undermines the health.

Ask the doctor if coffee is the cause of constipation, stomach and nervous troubles.

"I have been a coffee drinker all my life. I am now 42 years old and when taken sick two years ago with nervous prostration, the doctor said that my nervous system was broken down and that I would have to give up coffee.

"I got so weak and shaky I could not work, and reading your advertisement of Postum, I asked my grocer if he had any of it. He said, 'Yes,' and that he used it in his family and it was all it claimed to be.

"So I quit coffee and commenced to use Postum steadily and found in about two weeks' time I could sleep soundly at night and get up in the morning feeling fresh. In about two months I began to gain flesh. I weighed only 146 pounds when I commenced on Postum and now I weigh 167 and feel better than I did at 20 years of age.

"I am working every day and sleep well at night. My two children were great coffee drinkers, but they have not drunk any since Postum came into the house, and are far more healthy than they were before."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in phage. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER IV.
The law offices of Knight, Kittredge & Carr were tucked away in the rear of an old building that stood at the apex of a triangle. The firm had been tenants of the same rooms for many years. There was a battered tin sign at the entrance, but its inscription could be read only by persons who remembered it from bygone days. Knight and Kittredge had been prominent in State politics during and immediately following the Civil War. They were dead now, but Carr, who had left politics to his partners, survived, and he had changed nothing in the offices.

In the old days it had been the custom of the members of the firm of Knight, Kittredge & Carr to assemble every morning at 8 o'clock in the library for a brief discussion of the news of the day, or for a review of the work that lay before them. The young men who were fortunate enough to be tolerated in the offices had always enjoyed these discussions immensely. For Governor Kittredge and Senator Knight had known men and manners as well as the law; and Michael Carr knew Plato and the Greek and Latin poets as he knew the way home.

These morning conferences were still continued in Morris Leighton's day, though Knight and Kittredge had long been gone. It might be a topic from the day's news that received attention, or some new book—Michael Carr was a persistent novel reader—or it might be even a bit of social gossip that was discussed. Mr. Carr was a man of deliberate habits, and when he set apart this half-hour for a talk with his young men, as he called them, it made no difference that the president of a great railway cooled his heels in the outer office while the Latin poets were discussed in the library, or that other dignified Caucasians waited while negro suffrage was debated.

Ezra Dameron was waiting for him this morning, for it was the first of October; and on the first of every month Ezra Dameron went to the offices to discuss his personal affairs. He was of an economical turn, and he made it a point to combine as many questions as possible in a single consultation. His relations with the offices were of long standing and dated back to a day when Knight, Kittredge & Carr were a new firm and Ezra Dameron was a young merchant whom people respected, and whose prospects in life were bright.

While Ezra Dameron waited for Michael Carr, Rodney Merriam was walking slowly from his house in Seminary Square down High street to Jefferson, swinging his stick, and gravely returning the salutations of friends and acquaintances. He came presently to the offices of Knight, Kittredge & Carr. He stepped into the reception-room and found it empty. The door into the library was closed but he could hear Carr's voice; and he knew that the lawyer was holding one of those morning talks with his clerks and students that Morris Leighton had often described. He looked about with interest and then crossed the hall. The doors of three private offices were closed, but he turned the knob of the one marked in small black letters "Mr. Carr," and went in.

Ezra Dameron was still looking out of the window when the door was flung open. He supposed Carr had come, and having been gazing out on the sunny court, his sight did not accommodate itself at once to the dim light of the little room.

"Ah, Mr. Carr," he began.
"Good-morning, Ezra," said Rodney Merriam, blandly. Dameron knew the voice before he recognized his brother-in-law, and after a second's hesitation he advanced with a great air of cordiality.

"Why, Rodney, what brings you into the haunts of the law? I thought you were a man who never got into trouble. I'm waiting for Mr. Carr. I have a standing appointment with him this same day every month—excepting Sundays, of course."

"So I have understood. I don't want to see Mr. Carr, however; I want to see you."

Dameron glanced at his brother-in-law anxiously. He had believed Merriam's appearance to be purely accidental, and he was not agreeably disappointed to find that he had been mistaken. He looked at the little clock on Carr's desk, and was relieved to find that the lawyer would undoubtedly appear in a few minutes.

"I should be glad, at any other time, Rodney, but Mr. Carr is very particular about his appointments."

"I have heard so, Ezra. What I have to say to you will not interfere with your engagement with Mr. Carr. As near as I can remember, it has been ten years since I enjoyed a conversation with you."

"Better let the old times go—I—I am willing to let them go, Rodney."
"And on that last occasion, if my memory serve me, I believe I told you that you were an infernal scoundrel."
"You were very violent, very unjust; but let it all go, Rodney. I treasure no unkind feelings."

"It would be a source of real annoyance to me to have you think for a moment that I have changed my mind. I want to have a word with you about Zelda. She has chosen to go to live with you—"

"Very loyal, very noble of her. I'm sure I appreciate it."

"I hope you do. She doesn't understand that a contemptible hound you are, and I don't intend to tell her. And you may be quite sure that her Aunt Julia will never tell her how you treated her mother—how you made her life a curse to her. I don't want you to think that because I have let you alone these ten years I have forgotten or forgiven you. I wouldn't trust you to do anything that demanded the lowest sense of honor or manhood."

There was no sign of anger or even resentment in Ezra's face. His inevitable smile died away in a sickly grin, but he said nothing.

"With this little preface I think you will understand that what I have sought you out for is not to ask favors but to give orders, in view of Zee's return."

"But, Rodney, Rodney—that matter needs no discussion. I shall hope to make my daughter happy in her father's house—I am her natural protector—"

"You are, indeed; but a few instructions from me will be of great assistance, Ezra. To begin with, I want you to understand that the first time I hear you have mistreated that girl or in any way made her uncomfortable I shall horsewhip you in front of the postoffice. The second time I shall cowhide you in your own house, and the third offense I shall punish either by shooting you into the river, I haven't decided which. I expect you to provide generously for her out of the money her mother left her. If you haven't squandered it there ought to be a goodly sum by this time."

"I fear she has acquired expensive tastes abroad. Julia always spent money wastefully."

"You ugly hypocrite, talking about expensive tastes! I suppose you have let everybody you know imagine that it has been your money that has kept Zee abroad. It's like you, and you're certainly a consistent beast. As I was saying, I mean that you shall treat her well, not according to your own ideas, but mine. I want you to brace up and try to act or look like a white man. You've got to keep enough servants in that old shell of yours to take care of it. You must be immensely rich by this time. You haven't spent any money for twenty years; and you've undoubtedly profited well in your handling of what Margaret left Zee. That was like Margaret, to make you trustee of her child's property, after the dog's life it had led her! You may be sure that it wasn't because she had any confidence in you, but because she had borne with you bravely, and it was like her to make an outward show of respect for you from the grave. And I suppose she hoped you might be a man at last for the girl's sake. The girl's her mother over again; she's a thoroughbred. And you—I suppose God tolerates you on earth merely to make Heaven more attractive."

Merriam at no time raised his voice; the Merriams were a low-spoken family; and when Rodney Merriam was quietest he was most dangerous.

Voices could be heard now across the hall. The morning conference was at an end; and Michael Carr crossed to his room at twenty-five minutes before nine, and opened the door in the full knowledge that Ezra Dameron was waiting for him. Many strange things had happened in the offices of Knight, Kittredge & Carr; but Michael Carr had long ago formed the habit of seeing everything and saying nothing.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said, affably, and shook hands with both men.

"I have just been warning Ezra against overwork," said Merriam, composedly. "At Ezra's age a man ought to check himself; he ought to let other people use the hammer and drive the nails."

"Rodney always had his little joke," said Dameron, and laughed a dry laugh that showed his teeth in his very unpleasant smile.

Merriam wished both gentlemen a satisfactory disposition of their business. It was, of course, a perfectly natural thing for him to drop into a law office on a pleasant October morning, and, meeting there a connection of his family, hold converse with him on matters of common interest. Michael Carr was not, however, a dull man, and he understood perfectly that Rodney Merriam had decided to resume diplomatic relations with Ezra Dameron, and he rightly guessed the reason to be the return of Margaret Dameron's daughter to her father's house.

Merriam found Morris Leighton at work in the library. The young man threw down his book in surprise as the old gentleman darkened the door.

"The date shall be printed in red ink on the office wall! I never expected to see you here!"

"It may never happen again, my boy. Is this all you have to do, read books? I sometimes wish I had been a lawyer. Nothing to do but read and write; it's the easiest business there is."

"Mr. Carr would like to see you; I'd be glad to call him—except that this is his morning with Mr. Dameron."

"To be sure it is; but don't trouble yourself. I've seen both of them, anyhow."

"I just happened in and found Mr. Dameron waiting; so I amused him until Mr. Carr appeared. You still have your historic morning round-up here, I suppose. There are two things that you young gentlemen will undoubtedly derive from Mr. Carr—good manners and sound literary tastes."

CHAPTER V.

Zelda's days ran on now much like those of other girls in Mariona. Between Mrs. Forrest and Mrs. Carr, she was well launched socially, and her time was fully occupied. She overhauled the house and changed its furnishings radically—while her father blinked at the expenditures. Rodney Merriam, dropping in often to chat Zelda about her neglect of herself, rejoiced at the free way in which she contracted bills. The old mahogany from the garret fitted into the house charmingly. The dingy walls were brightened with new papers; the old carpets were taken up, the floors stained, to save the trouble of putting down hardwood, and rugs bought.

Ezra Dameron's greatest shock was the installing of the telephone in his house; but every one else in Mariona,

so Zelda assured him, had one; and it would undoubtedly be of service to her in many ways. Her real purpose was to place herself in communication with her aunt and uncle, whose help she outwardly refused but secretly leaned on.

Zelda did not disturb the black woman in the kitchen, though she employed a house-maid to supplement her services; but she labored patiently to correct some of the veteran Polly's distressing faults. Polly was a good cook in the haphazard fashion of her kind. She could not read, so that the cook books which Zelda bought were of no use to her. She shook her head over "book cookin'," but Zelda, who dimly remembered that her mother had spent much time in the kitchen, bought a supply of aprons and gave herself persistently to culinary practice. Or, she sat and dictated to Polly from one of the recipe books while that amiable soul mixed the ingredients; and then, after the necessary interval of fear and hope, they opened the oven door and peered in anxiously upon triumph or disaster.

A horse was duly purchased at Lexington, on an excursion planned and managed by Mrs. Carr. They named the little Hambletonian Xanthippus, which Zelda changed to Zan, at her uncle's suggestion. It was better, he said, not to introduce any more of the remote letters of the alphabet into the family nomenclature; and as they already had Z it would be unwise to add X. Moreover, it was fitting that Zee should own Zan!

The possession of the pretty brown mare and a runabout greatly increased Zelda's range of activities. Her uncle kept a saddle horse and he taught her how to ride and drive. He also, under Ezra Dameron's very eyes, had the old barn reconstructed, to make a proper abiding place for a Kentucky horse of at least decent ancestry, and employed a stable-boy.

Zelda became daily more conscious of her father's penurious ways, that were always cropping up in the petty details of the housekeeping. One evening when he thought himself unobserved, she saw him walking down the front stairway, avoiding the carpet on the treads with difficult care. Zelda did not at first know what he was doing; but she soon found this to be only one of his many whimsical economies. He overhauled the pantry now and then, making an inventory of the amount of flour, sugar and coffee in stock, and he still did a part of the marketing. Zelda had given the black stable-boy orders that Zan was to be fed generously; and when she found that her father was giving contrary directions she said nothing, but convulsed with the boy in the purchase of hay and corn to make good the delicacy caused by her indulgence.

Late one afternoon she drove to a remote quarter of town in pursuit of a laundress that had failed her. She concluded her errand and turned Zan homeward, but lost her way in seeking to avoid a railway track on which a line of freight cars blocked her path. She came upon a public school building, which presented a stubborn front to a line of shops and saloons on the opposite side of a narrow street. Two boys were engaged in combat on the sidewalk at the school-house entrance, surrounded by a ring of noisy partizans. A young woman, a teacher, Zelda took her to be, hurried toward the scene of trouble from the school-house door, and at her approach the ring of spectators dispersed in disorder, leaving the combatants alone, vainly sparring for an advantage before they, too, yielded the field. Zelda unconsciously drew in her horse to watch the conclusion of matters. The young woman stepped between the antagonists without parley, catching the grimy fists of one of the boys in her hands, while the other took to his heels amid the jeers of the gallery. Zelda heard the teacher's voice raised in sharp raprimand as she dismissed the lad with a wave of her hand that implied an authority not to be gainsaid.

(To be continued.)

His Treasurer Knew.
He who goes into politics must remember what he is recorded to have said, for it is the habit of the sharp nosed public to search out past utterances and hold the candidate responsible for them. John Burns, says Mr. Grubb in his life of that labor leader, once made the slip of remarking that no man was worth more than \$500 a year. Accordingly, when he became a cabinet member with a salary of \$2,000, he was obviously open to attack. When he first met his constituents at Battersea after he was made president of the local government board a candid friend recalled the statement about a man's worth by calling out in the middle of his speech:
"Wot abaht that 'ere salary of £2,000?"
Mr. Burns was equal to the occasion.
"That is the recognized trade union rate for the job," was his apt reply. "If I took less I would be a black-leg."
"Wot yer goin' ter do with the £1,500 over?" pursued the inquisitive questioner.
"For details," answered Mr. Burns, "apply to my treasurer, Mrs. Burns."

The Retort Courteous.
A young woman had fallen upon the ice-covered pavement, and a man stepped forward to offer his services.
"Allow me—" he began, but his feet slipped and he fell flat upon his back.
"Certainly," responded the young woman, gravely.—Lippincott's.

His Identity Disclosed.
Judge—What do you do during the week?
Witness—Nothing.
Judge—And on Sunday.
Witness—I take a day off.
Judge—Oh, I see. What salary does the city pay you?—Lippincott's.

Elevating.
Wiggs—The man who loves a woman can't help being elevated. Wagg—And the man who loves more than one is apt to be sent up too.—Philadelphia Record.

Ever know a "jockey" man who amounted to much?

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1792—The first State Legislature of Kentucky met.
- 1800—First municipal court established in Boston.
- 1909—Christopher Gore inaugurated Governor of Massachusetts.
- 1812—The territory north of Louisiana was given the name of Missouri.
- 1819—Cornerstone laid for the Pennsylvania State capitol at Harrisburg.
- 1831—The Boston and Worcester Railroad incorporated.
- 1838—A band of Canadian rebels landed on Amherst Island, near Kingston, and plundered the vicinity.
- 1845—The "True American" appeared in Lexington, Ky., edited by Cassius M. Clay.
- 1846—A convention met at Albany to revise the constitution of New York.
- 1848—Whig convention at Philadelphia nominated Gen. Zachary Taylor for President of the United States. . . . First Sisters of Charity arrived in Buffalo.
- 1849—The first authentic case of Asiatic cholera appeared in Boston.
- 1850—The line of the Pennsylvania Railroad was completed to Huntington, Pa.
- 1854—Reciprocity treaty concluded between the United States and Canada.
- 1861—Gen. Beauregard assumed command of the Confederate forces at Manassas Junction.
- 1862—The Confederates, commanded by Gen. Johnson, attacked the left wing of the Army of the Potomac at Fair Oaks, Va. . . . Memphis surrendered to the Union forces.
- 1865—Galveston, Texas, surrendered to the Federal troops.
- 1869—The Massachusetts State Senate refused to grant the right of suffrage to women.
- 1872—Construction of the St. Gothard tunnel through the Alps begun.
- 1876—Royal Military College opened in Kingston, Ontario.
- 1878—One hundred houses destroyed by tornado at Richmond, Va.
- 1887—Edward Blake temporarily retired from the leadership of the Liberal party in Canada. . . . First United States patent granted for monotype machine.
- 1888—National Democratic convention at St. Louis renominated Grover Cleveland for President of the United States.
- 1889—Flood at Johnstown, Pa., resulting from the breaking of a dam, destroyed 2,295 lives.
- 1890—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught welcomed at Ottawa. . . . Duke and Duchess of Connaught welcomed to Montreal.
- 1892—The "High-Water Mark" monument at Gettysburg dedicated.
- 1895—Statue of Sir John Macdonald unveiled in Montreal by the Earl of Aberdeen. . . . Judson Harmon of Ohio appointed Attorney General of the United States.
- 1899—P. A. McIntyre became Lieutenant Governor of Prince Edward Island. . . . French Court of Cassation decided in favor of the revision of the Dreyfus verdict.
- 1900—Gen. John B. Gordon elected commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans.
- 1902—Peace of Pretoria, ending the war in South Africa.
- 1905—President Roosevelt offered his services as a mediator to end the war between Japan and Russia. . . . Norway withdrew from the union with Sweden.
- 1909—Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition opened in Seattle.

CURED OF DROPSY.

Another Victory for Doan's Kidney Pills.
J. M. Houston, 417 So. Fifth St., Hoopston, Ill., says: "I had been in a critical condition for two years. My back was so sore and painful I could not turn in bed. I had chills and hot flashes and became so dizzy I scarcely dare walk. My feet and ankles were so badly swollen I could not wear my shoes nor leave the house. My kidneys were in very bad shape and I had great trouble with the secretions. I thought my time had come. Doan's Kidney Pills, however, cured me and the cure has been permanent."

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA

CLEANSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY; DISPELS COLDS AND HEADACHES DUE TO CONSTIPATION. BEST FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN—YOUNG AND OLD.

TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS—ALWAYS BUY THE GENUINE. MANUFACTURED BY THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS ONE SIZE ONLY. REGULAR PRICE 50¢ A BOTTLE

Red Squirrels and Brownells.
If the red squirrel is inclined to destroy moth nests he can perhaps be made a powerful ally in the work. The Record this week secured what seems to be confirmation of this discovery by a case on High street where two red squirrels have their home. Last year only seven nests were found on the trees in the vicinity of the home of these squirrels, and this year when the nests are twenty times as thick in other places, only four are found in the same trees. It would be desirable for all who have opportunity to observe the habits of red squirrels to note what they have done in other places in clearing trees of brownell nests.—Brunswick Record.

CURED OF DROPSY.

Remember the name—Doan's.
For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

"If he's not drowned or kidnaped or devoured by animals, the shock will kill him—separated from us all! My Joey, my—" and then Mrs. Benson became incoherent.

Indeed, the thought of the agony the four-year-old child must be enduring was harrowing. Of course, everybody not actually in hysterics expected the child would be found; but even Uncle Ned was disturbed at the picture of that tender little fellow, alone in all these acres of park, lost from all his relatives.

Finally, on the strength of a rumor that a "lost kid" had been carried to the station house in the park, Uncle Ned hurried there. He found little Joey—in the most pathetic of all roles, that of the Lost Child.

"Where have you been all the time?" asked Joey, when finally he recognized the existence of his uncle. Seated comfortably on the knee of a big policeman, Joey was busy with a plump banana. Two more big, blue-coated men, just recovering from roars of laughter at some remark of the Lost Child, stood ready with more bananas and candy.

"What did you get losted for, mamma in everybody?" demanded Joey, reaching for candy and kindly sparing time for one mildly rebuking glance at his relative. "If you hadn't got losted 'way from me, I'd'a' brought you here wiv me, where all the 'plicemans live."

Information for Rollo.
"Father," said little Rollo, "what is appendicitis?"
"My son," answered the cynical parent, "appendicitis is something that enables a good doctor to open up a man's anatomy and remove his entire bank account."—Washington Star.

LABOR

The income for the last year of International Cigar Makers' Union was \$28,498.87. Benefits paid out for the year were \$55,832.34.

Another attempt is being made to unionize the housemaids of Boston, Mass., and vicinity, and it is said the movement is meeting with success.

The school teachers of the State of Colorado, with a membership of 7,000, have decided to apply for admission to the American Federation of Labor.

Organized labor is fast gaining in Santa Cruz County, California. Recently the bricklayers, cement workers, plasterers and carpenters formed unions.

Laws have been passed providing for bureaus of labor in Oklahoma and Texas, and changing an existing office in South Carolina so as to give it largely the character of a labor bureau.

The labor temple recently opened at 14th street and 24 avenue, Manhattan, by the Presbyterian department of church and labor, has proved itself to be one of the most successful things ever undertaken by the department.

Benjamin Weinstein, general organizer for the United Hebrew trades, an organization of 125 Jewish unions with a membership of 70,000, in Manhattan, has issued an order to the subordinates to take a referendum vote on a proposition to levy a \$1 per capita tax on all the members to start a fund for a Hebrew labor lyceum.

A Happy Day

Follows a breakfast that is pleasing and healthful.

Post Toasties

Are pleasing and healthful, and bring smiles of satisfaction to the whole family.

"The Memory Lingers"

Popular Pkg. 10c
Family size, 15c.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich.